

THE OMEN

SCREWY, AIN'T IT?

"Well, I bet she looks like an incredible fox in the back of a blue Volvo" -Mat Lauritsen "Yeah-They don't put dome lights in those things, do they?" -Dave Killen

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The Omen


Volume 11, Number 2
October 2, 1998

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Travis Dale.....	The Confessor
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Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michelle Beach** (B-304, box 1127). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (A-307). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to **be heard?**

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL Kofi, Cream, two Sugars

by Michelle Beach

As I write this, I am sitting under a very large tent with several thousand other people. The tent reminds me of a circus, of clowns stuffed in small cars, elephants doing tricks, acrobats walking on skinny wires. I have never been to the circus though the tent somehow makes me wish that I had, or perhaps wish I was currently there than at Hampshire waiting for Kofi Annan, Secretary General of the United Nations, to arrive.

There is a distant sound of drumming. The drumming - reminiscent of high school band, but significantly better - is meant to be a distraction, to prevent us from realizing that Kofi is already a half an hour late. The drummers seem tired. I don't think they were prepared to play for as long as they did and had long ago ran out of material.

The protest for this event is limited compared to what students are rumored to have done in the past. Since I've been here things seem to have calmed down. I don't know if Hampshire students are truly more apathetic or if they are just too involved in their own thing to care about planning something larger. People new to Hampshire have said we are much more involved than students at other colleges. But the examples of involvement they set are very simple things, like asking questions. I'm not sure what this says about our generation. Maybe we really are apathetic but, because there are

others who are so much more so, it doesn't show.

The largest, and very unapathetic, protest is that of the U.S. government. Large signs placed around the tent call for the U.S. to pay their dues to the U.N. Greg Prince actually let this ad hoc group give a short presentation before Kofi's speech. The group passed around a hat to collect money to help the U.S. pay the 1.6 billion they owe. I heard they made around \$200.

Kofi's arrival brought much applause - five standing ovations, according to the associated press. **I think that the total applause equaled the total length of his speech, 22 minutes.**

During the introduction Greg stated that Hampshire doesn't give honorary degrees, a policy that makes sense. Why should someone receive credit for something they didn't do? It is hard to graduate from this school and it would belittle our work if the school gave out degrees to anyone who agreed to speak here. However we did manage to give him \$10,000 dollars (a donation for the building of two schools in Africa, raised predominately by the students, in a very un-apathetic manner).


Kofi spoke about knowledge and civilization. You can't get any less controversial than that. He began by complementing Hampshire students for their leadership. Again someone trying to tell us that we aren't apathetic for very

trivial things. What does this say about other people our age? Does this mean that Hampshire students will someday rule the world because they can ask questions and organize even the smallest protest? I certainly hope so. Though, it would seem that it should take something more.

The press conference held after the speech was uneventful. Kofi answered questions in a very political manner, trying to avoid controversy. The first question the professional press asked was about Clinton and Monica. Don't they have better things to write about? Kofi just seemed annoyed and expressed his hope that it is settled soon. After that the questions became more intelligent though the answers didn't become any more specific.

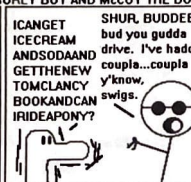
Then barely two hours after he arrived, Kofi was gone. The only remnants of his visit are the few posters around campus that have yet to be torn down and the dead grass on the library lawn. I expect that very few classes talked about the event, that most students didn't give Kofi's words much thought and the only thing they were able to take away from the event was the ability to brag to their friends, and that the ad hoc group that Greg was so fond of will now disappear. I'm not sure what makes a person or an institution apathetic, but I think that, despite what others have said, Hampshire students are just that. Though, I expect that the other members of our generation are even more so.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND MCCOY THE DUCK



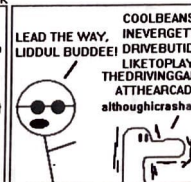
WELL, BUDDIE, LESHT DO SUMTHIN' FUN!

CAN WEGO TOTOWNH UHCANWE?




ICANGET ICECREAM ANDSODAAND GETTTHENEW TOMCLANCY BOOKANDCAN IRIDEAPONY?

SHUR, BUDDIE! bud you gudda drive. I've hadda coupla...coupla y'know, swigs.



LEAD THE WAY, LIDDUL BUDDIE!

COOLBEANS! INEVERGETTO DRIVEBUTIDO LIKE TOPLAY THEDRIVINGGAME ATTHEARCADE, althoughicrashalot!



THIS IS GONNA BE SOOO COOOL.

YIPISOWHERE ISTHEHORN CANIHONKTHE HORNWHERE DOIPUTTHE KEYS?

COMMENTARY

by Wade Stuckwisch

You know what I love most about Hampshire? The fact that everyone from the lowliest peon to the most important man in the world is on a first name basis. "Are you going to see Kofi?" "What time is Kofi on?" That's a pretty clear picture of what I heard around campus as the Hampshire population prepared for a visit from the head honcho of the UN. Yeah, **Egbal must be a pretty badass mo'fo to pull a visit from the secretary general of the UN.**

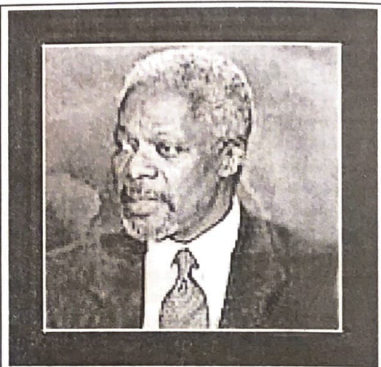
I emerged Wednesday afternoon from my Video II class, which had been dismissed early for the event, to find Michelle asking me to take the role of photo-journalist for our own Hampshire College Omen, now the school's most respected publication. The library lawn was filled with onlookers, peaceful demonstrators, and more cops than a Kent State riot. I suddenly felt unsafe with that many boys in blue around. Undaunted, I headed back for my camera and, cursing the fact that I had forgotten to borrow my father's zoom lens before I left Pendleton, NY, prepared to expose the fiasco to my camera's unblinking (well, I suppose it really does blink with the shutter and all, I take it back then) eye.

Demonstrators and trying to take candid pictures of

cops kept me amused as East Indian music wafted through the warm, pre-autumnal air in preparation for the secretary general's arrival. I staked out a spot in the front row of the news media, waiting to be told to move at any moment. As I made a careful attempt to stay low and not block any sight lines, the crowd behind remained appreciative. However, a certain rude and unappreciated member of The Staff of the Sad Attempt at Legitimacy Formerly Known as *The Forward* (now preparing to take a giant leap backward in that sense, I understand) decided to place herself immediately in front of my tripod an occasionally stand up at inopportune moments. "So, the Omen will be printing pictures other than porn this year," she remarked. I tried to formulate a witty response as quickly as possible, as I would have, no doubt, if faced with one of the more comely *Forward* editors, of whom there are many; sadly, the words escaped me.

In true Hampshire style,

Photo-Journalism: Photos not included



Kofi Annan, Secretary General of the United Nations

the secretary-general was delayed. The now constant drumming of the Dreaded Ones up front was beginning to take its toll on my wits. I considered attacking the project Hunter S. Thomson style and slipping back to my room for a nip or two from the large jug of Seagram's 7 which I had been nursing since the weekend. I resisted. Finally, velvet ropes parted for the speaker's entourage. Unfortunately, few seemed to know just who he was. My guess was the man in the flashiest attire, but I was mistaken. My time for taking artful pictures of the hippies and cops together was over.

First came the opening acts: among them our illustrious president Greg, the bestowers of our cash gift to the UN, and a group of students concerned with the failure of the US to pay its UN dues. I don't even know why Kofi bothered to show up

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Not Kofi Annan

continued from page 4

in a country of scowflaws like our own, other than the fact that we own the turf the assembly building is on. The esteemed Mr. Annan's speech was compelling, but the Q&A session showed that a political is a political the world over. I am truly impressed by such a brilliant man's ability to spin doctor without a press secretary. From the gathering came some of my all-time favorite pet peeve political issues: Tibet and the Cassini Space Probe. OK guys, we built it, we launched it, it probably wasn't the brightest of ideas but it's in the air now and I truly doubt it's coming back down, whatever you say. **Chill out and face your doom with a smile,**

folks. As for Tibet, are we really going to fuck with China? They've got The Bomb, folks, and an economy worth exploiting. Nobody is fucking with China right now so deal. While we're at it, why not liberate the Basques, the Quebecois, give the southwest back to Mexico, give Oklahoma back to the Indians, and give China back to Taiwan? At least the question was raised by real Tibetans and not some 16-year old alterna-bopper Beastie Boys fan.

If anyone had mentioned legalized marijuana, I would have had to kill.

Now our campus is back to normal, however; with the sad exception of the library lawn. Brilliant scheme, folks; tell us to keep off the grass, then plunk a media circus right down on top of it. All in all, I pity the grass. Thank you, Kofi, for enriching our lives.

ACC OPTIONS

by Mark Hugo

From what I gather, a few years back Hampshire decided they should finally get the school wired for phones and internet. They signed on with a little company named ACC. All this means to you, the student, is enormous installation fees and monthly rates. You may also be under the impression that if you don't sign up with ACC, you don't have phone services. This is wrong. Since I transferred in Spring of 1997 I have never used ACC. Of course, you will never get all the information from Hampshire College on how to avoid paying ACC's outrageous rates that I am about to give you. The silence is probably part of the contract.

What you CAN'T do without ACC:

- Call out. There is no way to get around this. Unless someone forgot to discontinue the service of someone who lived in your room the previous semester (which is usually fixed within the first few weeks) you can never make phone calls from your room. This is still a small price to pay when compared to ACC's rates.

What you CAN do without ACC:

- Have an extension. All you need to do is call the switchboard (x5456) and ask them what extension your calling from.
- Have your name listed with your personal extension, rather than the hall phone. All you need to do is request the person answering the switchboard to change the information. This is also helpful for when you want to get phone calls from off campus. Call up someone, tell them to dial (413) 549 - 4600 and ask for your extension. Then just wait for the double ring. But there is a better way...
- Jacob Chabot just recently imparted this bit of information on me. He took the local prefix (559) and added his extension. This dials directly to your room. Example: Your extension is 1234. To get a hold of you the caller dials (413) 559 - 1234. This saves all the mucking around with the switchboard (and avoids people having to pay to talk to the operator, rather than you).
- If you don't want pay for a calling card (since you will be using a pay phone to dial off campus) you can use Travis Dale's little trick. Call your friend/relative collect and have them refuse the charges. They now know you want them to call.

So that's it my friends. Those are your alternatives to ACC. Remember, when contract time comes up make your voice heard. Unless you like paying ridiculous rates while the administration/faculty get a nice flat rate without extra charges. They don't need a better deal, but we do.

SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Killen

Amherst, MA- An amateur journalist operating out of Hampshire College made history last week when she set records in hypocrisy, arrogance, and a long-windedness all in the same article. "Gus" Andrews, Editor in Chief of the *Forward*, Hampshire's 2-year old newspaper, **accomplished what some are calling the "Triple Crown of bad journalism"** in her piece "What's WRONG with you people?", appearing in the September 17 edition of said newspaper. Andrews' article, which occupied an impressive 50% of the *Forward* that week, will certainly be remembered for some time, if not with the same reverence as baseball's most coveted award. An attack, not only on the *Forward*'s past and present competitors, but on its own staff as well, "What's WRONG..." has already generated quite a response on campus among those who have been able to read it all the way through, and there are hints of greater and more serious developments to come.

Written in the first person, "What's WRONG..." attempts to take a look at traditional journalism from an outside perspective, wondering aloud if the Voice of the Article is still necessary to legitimize reporting. By the time the reader has reached the thirteenth or fourteenth paragraph, it becomes apparent that Andrews' has inadvertently and unconsciously answered her own question, and the answer is a resounding yes. "What's WRONG..." becomes quite obviously a counter-example to worthwhile writing; it proves that any first-person opinion piece is an editorial, and

any editorial must have an interesting, coherent topic if it is expected to be read. Andrews is obviously leading by negative example, and she has graciously gone even further and proved that the human threshold for boredom created by such editorials is somewhere in the neighborhood of thirteen or fourteen paragraphs.

The style and length of her article notwithstanding, the content of Andrews' piece is very suspect as well, and is the primary force behind her achievements in the areas of hypocrisy and arrogance. After acknowledging what she feels were past weaknesses in the *Forward*, she proceeds to attack what have been its two primary competitors, the *Phoenix* and the *Omen*. The *Phoenix*, which is no longer in existence, holds no frame of reference for most Hampshire students and thus does not merit here the amount of discussion it received in Andrews' article. The *Omen*, however, most certainly is still in existence and its involvement in "What's WRONG..." leads to some interesting ironies and contradictions. For example, at numerous points in her epic Andrews seems to allude to changes in the *Forward* that would make it more *Omen*-like -- on the front page under the heading of "Mission" is the sentence "Like the *Omen*, but... accountable!" -- but she explicitly states that the *Omen* "was also bad, and it's even worse now." The above statement about accountability is odd as well: of the two publications, only the *Omen* prohibits the use of pseudonyms. It is quite possible that Andrews simply became confused and used the wrong word, but the underlying hypocrisy in her rail against the *Omen* is undeniable. Her transparent and arrogant attempt to justify plagiarizing the *Omen*'s style is insulting not only to the reader, but to

What's wrong with YOU?

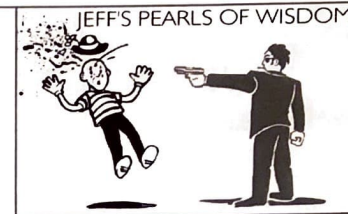
the staffs of both the *Omen* and the *Forward* as well.

Also confusing is Andrews' statement that the *Omen* will continue to be bad unless the "ridiculous rule that the *Omen* will publish anything it receives" is abolished. Certainly there have been times when this policy has come back to bite it (Upski, Onions), but the *Omen* is by definition a submission-based magazine. Printing only staffers' works would greatly reduce its content and likely its readership; as the *Forward* demonstrates bimonthly, there just isn't that much straightforward "news" to write about on this campus. For the *Omen* to restrict its content in this way could not improve it, as it would reduce the pool of talent it draws from. This is another glaring contradiction in "What's WRONG..." -- a small, stagnant staff is what Andrews is calling for the *Forward* to get away from. Her suggested changes to the *Forward* are *Omen*-like precisely because they imitate the aspects of the *Omen* that are brought about by this "ridiculous" policy. By encouraging the *Omen* to do the opposite, she is sure to raise questions about her motivations. Regardless of Andrews' intentions, however, it should be noted that the *Omen* has no intention of taking her advice -- **the staff does not wish to see its publication piled next to the *Forward* every other Friday in the post office mixed paper bin.**

While Andrews' article certainly makes targets of the *Phoenix* and the *Omen*, its main critical focus is on the paper it appears in.

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Follow the bouncing ball



by Jeff Barnett

Some little known original State Anthems that I discovered this summer:

Delaware

No, Rhode Island is in New England
Yes we are the First State
But at least we're not the smallest
And our DuPont plant smokestacks are indisputably the tallest
(in the Mid-Atlantic region that is)
People say we're not quite right;
That our stoplights are just too long
But if they say our fair Delaware is the smallest, they'd be wrong.

New Hampshire

Kick 'em in the Nards, New Hampshire

What are you looking at Vermont You got somethin' up yer craw?
Bunch 'a dope-smokin' hippies
With yer Birkenstocks an' all
What're you gonna do
When the commies rule this great land?
Throw Ben & Jerry's ice cream
Nope, it done melted in yer hand.

Wait a minute Rufus

You see the long haired one?
Yep, I seen him at a peace rally
C'mon Clete; get yer guns
Livin' free or dyin' is the way we do things here
That's why we got our militias
To thwart off Commie queers
Like you Green Mountain Fairy Boys
who always turn tail and run
Go back to California
or maybe Oregon

Vermont

Dude, New Hampshire...Chill, Man...It's All Good

Man, New Hampshire, just hit this bowl
You'll feel better soon
Look, beat this drum and pass that Joint and stare up at the moon
Why do you give us such a bad vibe
Why can't we get along?
What was I just saying? I forget
Whoops, better reload the bong
Oh yeah, that's right, it's all about Families sustaining themselves on sheep manure

Put down your granite cutters and guns
Let's all just go on tour
At least we don't have Wal Marts
Or other big evil corporations
Now try this Cherry Garcia
You know hemp can save starving nations

Alabama

(to the tune of the Dukes of Hazzard song)

Just a good old state
Never meanin' no harm
But if you try to integrate our schools
We'll break your legs and your arms
Watchin' Hee-Haw
Just like reg'lar folks
Dad get off me now
You're crushin' my smokes
Makin' our waaaaay/the only way we know how
That's just a little bit more
Than the constitution will allow
Hope you're not gaaaaaay cuz we can be mighty cruel
We're happy down here
In the shallow end of the gene pool

continued from page 6

Again, hypocrisy reigns -- Andrews laments the unreliability of last year's staff to produce material, but two of the *Forward*'s better writers - A.J. Simon and Michael Abrahamsen - were not informed of the existence of the Sept. 17 issue until it appeared on campus, let alone asked to contribute. The question of competence in management must be raised. Hampshire College does not need two *Omens*, and there

A Real Newspaper?

are competent people involved with the *Forward* who, given the chance, could likely make of it a unique publication that could stand on its own. Gus Andrews is not one of these people. In either of the two Voices of Journalism she presumes to have the authority to discuss, there is no room for the arrogant and hypocritical voice she possesses. "This is Hampshire," Andrews writes in attacking the defunct *Phoenix*, "But I have yet to meet a

woman named Matthew." This strikes the author as ironic coming from a woman who calls herself "Gus." **A "real" newspaper is completely possible on this campus**, but not one run by the current management of the *Forward*, and not one willing to run an indulgent, inaccurate and endless editorial as its lead and only feature.

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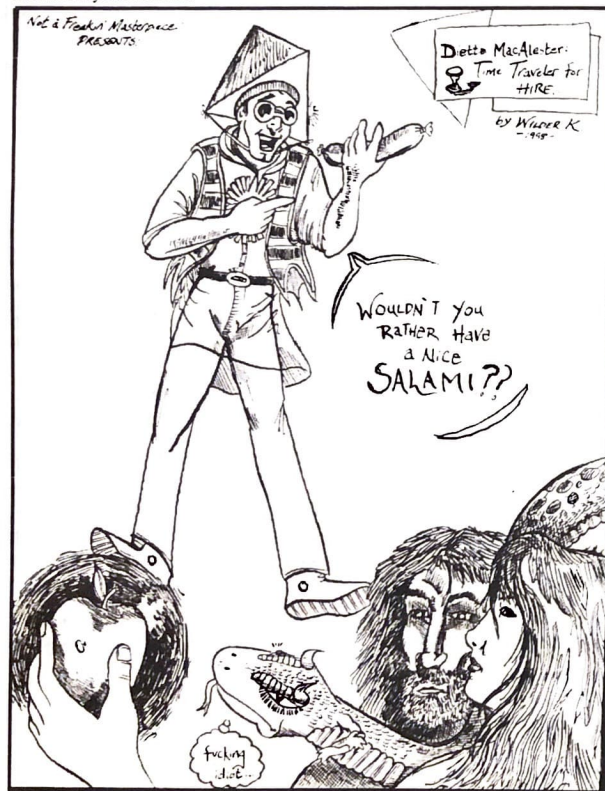


by Mathew Lauritsen

A sexy man

In the last issue of the Omen, a certain party expressed a desperate need for sex. He, writing from the perspective of a male who ironically asks the femme element to "find the balls" to come-on to guys like himself, claims that men at Hampshire College are enjoying far fewer intimate relations than do them justice. However, for every phenomenon in the world, there is a cause. If this sexual drought exists, and I am skeptical that it does, it is because **Hampshire "studs" aren't presenting a marketable product.** What they need to have in order to reverse their string of lonely nights and self-entertained days is a spiffy new image. But before such remodeling can occur, they must have some idea of what the "beautiful babes" really want. Using my genius within the fields of statistics and probability, I wish to compile a market study reflecting the needs and desires of the women at Hampshire College who may, or may not, be experiencing a reciprocal drought.

submitted by Jason Wilder



With such noble intentions in mind, I ask that the eligible females reading this article supply their input. By circling each word or phrase that best describes their ultimate dream-boat, and returning this survey to the Omen staff, my post office box (Box 750) or the cardboard collection box in Saga, I will be able to synthesize the data and report back in the next issue with a description of Hampshire's next Fabio.



Hampshire's perfect man: A survey

HAIR:

blonde
black
brown
orange-tawny
Viking red
long
short
curly
brillo

EYES:

blue-eyed
brown-eyed
green-eyed
lazy-eyed
stoned-eyed, man
eyes like the sea after
a storm
deer caught in head
lights

MUSCLES FEEL:

hard like steel
hard like wood
hard like unripe
tomato
squishy
has six-pack
drinks six-pack
has six-pack for you

NOSE:

cute as a button
a real honker
all nostril
like the David

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN:

truly hu-fucking-mongous
bawang-ga
formidable
just enough
girthy
a gentle probe
cork-screw
wavy
like a ruler
like a snake

IN THE BEDROOM:

purple rain
like a prayer
color me bad
Marty McFly
Dr. Feelgood
R-E-S-P-E-C-Ts
sex machine
sir psycho sexy
me! me! me!
you! you! you!
drama-boy
orgasmatron
gimp
dungeon-master

PERSONALITY:

sugar-pie
vicious
obstinate
gallant
trying
a bit booky
lover-boy
silent Cowboy
fruity
dangerous
easy
the duke
the crow
Han Solo
Luke
Chewie

PHILOSOPHICAL DELINEATION:

theist
atheist
agnostic
pragmatist
sucks the cock of
Marx
takes Darwin for
Gospel
positivist
romantic
existentialist
nihil- oh forget it

MISCELLANEOUS:

lies under oath
gardens
speaks "Frog"
rowdy
vandalizes Yurt
wears cardboard hat
pulls fire alarms
contests speeding
tickets
Coke fan
Pepsi-fruit
over-easy
sunny-side-up
eloquent
grabs your ass

MUSCULATURE:

massive like Arnold
lithe
fucking ripped
tall
fruity poet hips
soccer legs
towering
like Skeletor

Please return the survey to the Omen Staff, Box 750 or the cardboard collection box in Saga



Bert 1

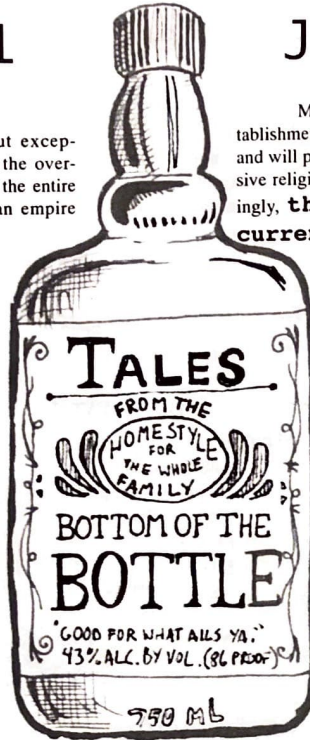
Jesus 0

by Bert J. Cattivera

Every September, without exception, I am confronted by the overwhelming urge to take on the entire goddamn world and establish an empire based on global subjugation.

This year, however, I have resolved to refrain from all idiotic acts. I will now confine myself to acts which are: a) purely insane, b) obviously brilliant, c) subtly ingenious, or d) misinterpreted (like this article will surely be).

Keeping this in mind, I have decided to devote myself to anti-religious pursuits. I, Bert J. Cattivera, hereby **promise to steal a bible out of every motel room from here to the Canadian border**, thus thwarting the spread of Christianity. Hence the growing collection of multi-colored bibles atop my dresser.



My Division III will examine the Establishment Clause of the First Amendment, and will ponder why my currency has offensive religious slogans printed on it. Interestingly, **the claim that our currency was "backed by God," was a Cold War attempt to scare the Russians.**

We no longer need to believe in mythical beings in order to defeat communism. What we do require is the de-proselytization of America. All Puritans should be shipped back to England (or some place like Iowa).

I cannot promise to rid Iowa of religion. Such a claim would breach my "no idiocy" resolution. Yet I can promise an unholy war of nearly infinite dimensions.

So have faith (or logic or illogic) that I will take on Jesus, even in his home state of Iowa, and emerge victorious and smirking.



ALEXANDRA'S Question of the Day:

Can You Guess Which Lesbian Attends Which School?



A. Mount Holyoke B. Hampshire C. UMass D. Smith E. Amherst

Submitted by Alexandra Kirsch

Smoking Crack A Lot: The Hampshire Guide to Dating A Primer for First Years

By Amalia Levari

Lesson One: Hitting on People When You're Drunk Having been a Hampshire student for almost two full weeks, I consider myself an authority on the subject of Making Passes at People You Don't Know But Will Probably Avoid Tomorrow in Saga. I'm sharing my newfound knowledge with you because I find you very attractive. You're not like the other boys I've met here. There's something magical about the way you hold that can of malt liquor. Have you ever read Proust? No? Good. Let's get it on. With the lesson, I mean.

Step I: Is that a pick-up line in your pocket, or are you just a repressed homosexual?

When you approach a member of the gender to which you are attracted, it is important to make him/her/it feel comfortable. You want a pick-up line that says "I am easy. To talk to." Here are a few that actually (really) worked for me back in Pittsburgh:

- 1. So, like, um, what's your favorite part of speech? (His response: Pronouns are cool. . .)
- 2. Mumble a phrase in garbled Japanese, then a pause for a few seconds, then say: "Hey, do you know what that meant? Cuz I don't!"
- 3. You look like you're into Pavement

Of course, at Hampshire, pick-up lines can get pretty site-specific. Next time you find yourself hunched over an implement of illicit drug-use with that special someone, you might want to try one of these:

- 1. **"I see you don't shave your armpits."** (This one works for males and most hippie-types.)
- 2. If he/she is slurring words: "Hey, do you live on A-3?"
- 3. If he's got a goatee: "That thing looks stupid."
- 4. If his name is Greg Prince: "You're pretty cute."

Step II: Let's go back to my place for some, uh, meaningful conversation.

Hampshire is a community of young intellectuals. This means that people like to speak to each other before having sex. Sometimes at great length. I've devised a scoring chart which will cut in half the time it normally takes you to pretend you've forged a cosmic connection with the random people you hit on.

- If you're kind of into social change and stuff, give yourself 3 points.
- If you really liked Franny & Zooey, give yourself 12 points.
- If you're both wearing the same sneakers, give yourself 40 points.
- If you're both sixth-years who are still "finishing up" Div I's, give yourself 1000 points.
- If you bump elbows and he doesn't cringe and run away whimpering, give yourself 3 points.
- If you're both wearing the same sequined platform Liberace shoes, you win.

Bonus: If you can slip any of the following into normal conversation, you're set...

- 1. A convincing argument on atheism
- 2. The word "ephemeral"
- 3. A backrub

Step III: I live in a single, nudge nudge, wink wink.

If you've completed this lesson successfully, you should have no problem clubbing your new boyfriend over the head and dragging his unconscious carcass back to your room.

Testosterone Laced Pilgrimages

by Tyler M. Carey

Sports at Hampshire?

The question shattered my mind. Elsewhere in the Pioneer Valley? Most certainly there were sports teams, elsewhere. But here at Hampshire? Frisbee. Bowling. Fencing. Bocce. Pick-up games of touch football. Croquet (don't laugh, I was the captain two years ago, dammit). Sure we've got club sports, but if we were to go up against the full first-string teams of ANY of the area colleges, we'd suffer worse casualties than the Germans in the Russian Winter.

Let's face it: Jocks are virtually nonexistent at Hampshire. Furthermore, all of my persistence aside, we have yet to put together a cheerleading squad. And those of us who ARE sports fans at Hampshire are treated as pariahs, as if we were Jesus-freaks or something.

Frankly, as a red-blooded Longuylander, it makes me sick.

And so, two Fridays ago, with no Hampshire games to watch, I drove with my testosterone crazed sidekicks to see what macho-beer-guzzling-bullshit we could get our necks into at UMASS. Hoping to find a ticket-window open, we drove to the Mullins Center.

The Box Office was closed.

They must have sensed us Hampshire hippie-sympathizers coming. No, we weren't even eligible to buy George Carlin tickets that day. Scott, one of my sidekicks, was prepared to accept athletic defeat and head back just then. Fuck, no, I thought. I had come with a goal and plan to find true athleticism in the Pioneer Valley. Besides, I had a fast approaching deadline!

Unwilling to accept defeat, we skulked around the Mullins Center in search of any aspect of jock-culture.

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All that was to be had, though, was a J. Crew Warehouse sale. Well, I'd made compromises before in my life. "Wanna do it?" I asked my cohorts.

"J. Crew? You gotta be kidding me! I don't wear that preppie shit!" roared Scott.

Ernie on the other hand smiled and barged ahead. "I don't care what brand they are. Cheap clothes are cheap clothes!"

My other companion, Phil, merely stood there sniffing his armpit and checking his t-shirt for new stains. I had a feeling that he wouldn't mind a field trip.

As we walked into the arena of the Mullins Center, we were struck by the sheer size of it all. Two flights down, dozens of people were rummaging through cardboard boxes of clothing on meticulously arranged tables. All of them were in search of what my Aunt Estelle called, 'Bahgins.'

Phil looked up from inspecting a particularly interesting spot on his shirt to whistle at the epic sight below. "You know what this reminds me of?" he

asked "You remember that part of 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory' where the rich girl's daddy hires all of these people to open chocolate bars looking for that golden ticket? You see 'em all down there? And hear that rustle..." He cocked in ear towards the valley of thrifty-folks below, while I ran off, half in fear, and half in excitement of having found the very folks I wanted to write about.

Early Neil Diamond alternated with Herb Alpert and the

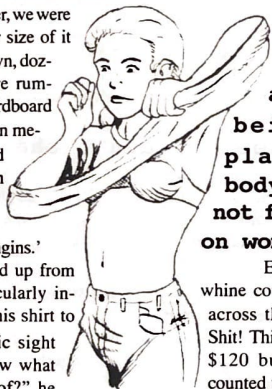
Tijuana Brass over the Mullins Center loudspeakers. Every so often, a muffled voice made an announcement about further discounts that few of us understood. Of course, there would always be the one sorority girl who could decipher the babble, who went hurtling towards the ski-jackets or corduroy pants or whatever else was suddenly on 'Red Light Discount'. The vast number of **those attractive young women who had no problem trying on and changing their outfits in**

public suddenly made me appreciate being in a place where body hair is not fashionable on women.

Ernie's excited whine could be heard clear across the crowd. "Holy Shit! This shirt usually costs \$120 but here, it's discounted to \$40! I've got to

get it!" Scott characteristically stood there pointing out that \$40 still wasn't a bargain for a t-shirt. This caused a fight to ensue amongst them about who was more of a bourgeois pig. How Hampshire.

Amidst this white noise, I began to think, What was I doing here? Hadn't I gone to UMASS to research athletics? What was I doing at a freakin' preppie flea market? I mean, sure most of these folks were the cream of the crop of the genuine athletics fans in the valley, but how did



in the Pioneer Valley

that help me? Great God! I was there on assignment, and I had a deadline!

Almost immediately, I started rounding up my patchouli-scented compatriots. Only Ernie the 'bahgin' hunter seemed to mind. The others wanted to get out of the Babylon of conformity as much as I did. I muttered something about journalistic integrity and *The Omen* that must have frightened the hell out of the girl standing on line in front of Ernie at the register. She let out a muffled squeal.

"I think she likes you," I whispered to him.

"Knock it off!" Ernie threatened back through tight lips.

Turning to Scott, I said, "I think she's cute. Don't you?"

Scott's face remained blank. He looked at me, then her, then me again. "She's gotta be forty."

"Yeah," chimed in Ernie with a look of disgust on his face.

Even Phil looked up from a strangely purple stain on his shirt to say, "More like fifty."

Chastised, I remained silent while Ernie paid for his shirt. There was no way she was over thirty-two, but I'm not one to argue. As soon as the receipt was in Ernie's hand, I herded the crowd out of there. "What the hell was that whole scene about?" roared Ernie as soon as we got outside.

"Don't you get it?" I belatedly. "I'm here to write about athletics, and what have we been doing since we got here? Looking at dungarees and raver shirts!"

"Well..." said Scott.

"Shut up, Scott," I threatened and then returned to berating Ernie. "Let's face it: we go to a school without sports."

"So?" asked Ernie.

"So, athletics are something necessary to life. They're social activities. Like dinner, going to the movies...participating in politics. And, WE ARE LACKING THEM!"

"Well..." said Scott.

"You're playing with Fire here, Scott. What the fuck is it?" I ranted.

He silently pointed just behind me. I felt as if I was about to become the brunt of a sick joke. Didn't he understand that I AM A JOURNALIST? But no, he said, "Why don't we just go to that soccer game over there?"

I turned, fully expecting the field to be empty. I was ready to club Scott for making me suffer through such a bad joke while in the state that I was in. But, sure enough, there was a field of people playing soccer right ahead of me.

Like a lost explorer finding an oasis in the desert, I began to shuffle towards the game, never taking my eyes off it. As we neared, I realized that it was just a scrimmage, but hey, I had to write about something, right?

Then the nightmare began.

The marching band took the field. They were doing a disastrous run-through of a number they had prepared for the weekend's game. I think it was "Louie-Louie". As the horns began to blare, Scott said, "I used to be in Marching Band in High School."

"Shut up, Scott," I said in a routine manner.

We sat at the sidelines and listened to the cacophony of the horns. It was thoroughly unbearable. To make matters worse, once the game began again, the coach stopped play every few moments to

emphasize his game-plans. I know that it was just a scrimmage, and that this was essentially a run-through of moves for the upcoming games, but it grew difficult to watch quickly.

I could feel my buddies getting edgy. I tried to think of something apologetic to say, but couldn't. I think my ego kept getting in the way. But here we were, looking for testosterone and machismo, and all that we had found were out of tune mariachis and an anal-retentive coach who stopped the game every few moments. Where was the butch-beer-chugging and butt-slapping? Would we find more of it at an actual game, or had athletics become this antiseptic? I was despondent, I'll admit.

But then, something wise was said.

"Wanna go rent a porno?" I don't remember who said it, but we all seemed to agree to it without a second thought. Yeah, sure, why not? Trotting off to the car with a new testosterone-laced goal in sight, I realized that football game next week might hold better prospects for a male-bonding thing for us lonely Hampsters.

Yes, I suppose Gareth Edel, the Evil Twin, was right in his article in the last issue of *The Omen*: Few of us Hampshire Guys are gettin' any. BUT, I realized that there is probably more whackin' goin' on per capita than anywhere else in the United States of Amurrica. And that is our freedom! Long may it live!

non satis masturbare



Humans-Yes! Aliens-No!

by Madeleine Baran

Humans: 4 billion
Aliens: 0

Yes, that's right. Not a single proven alien being has been found in our solar system. With all the t-shirts, bumper stickers, etc. that I've been seeing, you'd think that the aliens had landed, explored,



and discovered a profitable commercial enterprise selling replicas of their faces to angst-ridden youth. 'Tis not the case. Despite what certain toothless farmers on TV specials might say, there has never been a proven alien landing. "Hey," you might say, "I sense some negativity here. You seem to be a bit of a doubting Thomas." Yes, that's right. I AM skeptical--for three reasons.

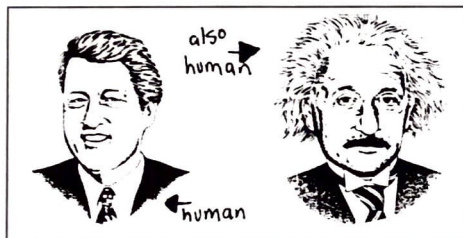
• **REASON #1:** If there ARE honest to goodness aliens out there, they would not look even SLIGHTLY human. They might be microscopic or computer-based. Or they might be SO completely different from us that we can't even imagine what they're like--like a straightedger hardcore fan with a sense of humor. Remember your science class now, you good little kids. The universe(s) is a strange place. Change one tiny condition and everything else changes. Think of how different other PLANETS are, to say nothing of galaxies or universes. If anything was "alive" in the aforementioned areas, I tend to think that it would be unimaginable to us Internet-cruising, home-shopping-network-watching, miserable humans.

• **REASON #2:** Why would

aliens bother us? Are we really that interesting? Are they here to steal our record collections? Apparently not, for mine remains anally intact, even the Helmet CD that I've been trying to sell at various CD exchanges for quite some time. Are they here to take over the government? Have they already?

Answer #1: Why would they want to take over the government? Sounds pretty boring to me.

Answer #2: No, aliens are not currently running things. **Bill Clinton is a fat annoying boring kind of guy--and all of that makes him quite human.** And for those



of you who say, "Oh, but that's exactly how the aliens deceive us. They make themselves look like human beings and infiltrate our society," see the beginning of REASON #2.

Prithee, why would aliens pay us a visit? Oh yes! I know! Once I saw this TV movie where aliens descended on earth to perform experiments inside human noses. That's it! Watch out! Check your nose several times a day, especially at night!

• **REASON #3:** I REALLY HATE "ALIEN" FACES. When I

see someone wearing an alien shirt, I remove myself from any other mental activity and concentrate solely on sending telepathic death messages to the unknowing offender. You'd have thought survival of the fittest a la Social Darwinism would've wiped out these people long ago, but, sadly, that does not seem to be the case.

And why would one spend \$25 on such a shirt? Is it for the scare factor? I don't kind a 40 kilogram (90 lb.) fifteen-year-old kid in an alien shirt and baggy pants to be all that scary. Force me into an Oscar Wiener Mobile and throw me into the pit at an Earth Crisis show and we'll talk fear. Is it because these youngsters have more money

left at the end of the week, Pennywise and Offspring having produced no new albums?

Whatever the reason, I FUCKING HATE ALIEN SHIRTS. I FUCKING HATE THOSE STUPID BEADY EYES STARING BACK AT ME! I WANT TO PUMMEL ANYONE WEARING SAID SHIRT INTO THE GROUND CLOCKWORK ORANGE STYLE AND TEAR OUT THE OFFENSIVE ALIEN FACE AND SET IT ON FIRE ON THE WEARER'S STOMACH! ALIENS WILL NOT DESCEND UPON US! But if, by any chance, aliens DO arrive, take me first! I'll be the one wearing the Loch Ness monster t-shirt.

Damn Straight!

by Jessica Van Scoy

When I was a little girl, I dreamt of John Belushi crawling into my room at 3 a.m. to have deep conversations and a toga party of our own. Now that I am here, the only type of toga party going on is with my Buddhist monk friend, Dave. He talks to me of peace and happiness...and all of that other hippie shit that Hampshire is renowned for. Where have all the good conversations gone? Why do they always have to do with the starving children of India or of relating the bitterness of no longer being handed everything by their plastic-ass parents?

I can't believe that I am actually longing for the days of high school...where **we made fun of everything and set off the alarms of their fucking Volvos for fun on a Friday night.** Gone are the days where getting drunk and

telling stupid jokes was considered fun. You can get drunk here, yeah...but now you have to wear the right Birkenstocks and talk about the new rally going on tomorrow.

And why are people here so uptight? I listened to one of my hallmate's answering machine messages to find out who (or what) she was. Well, I guess that she's this top secret agent spy who receives messages concerning her next mission, cause when she caught me, I was bitched at and told that I had "crossed the line." Oh-and in class the other day, I could not stop laughing because someone farted in class. Correct me if I'm wrong, but when someone farts, it is funnier than hell. And it wasn't one of those loud ones either, but more squeaky. The students (who had no idea why I was laughing, and had no intention of caring either) watched me with their 'Heathers'-esque glares. Why can't we have a good time anymore? Why do we have to act like we are concerned when people fall down the stairs, when what we really want

to do is point and laugh?

And, yes, I did come to college to meet new people and experience different things. But after being here for three weeks, I realize that it is all the same bullshit--but worse because we live together.

Don't get me wrong -- I hate all of this first-year shit, too. You all bustle in here like cattle, choosing your Grade A, prime choice of friends by their clothes and shoes, rather than actually taking the time to figure out whether they have minds that expand past the memorization of the 90210 theme song. And I hate the typical questions and awkward conversations...the avoidance of eyes when you pass someone on the street...or people forgetting my name. And why does eating alone grant you the title of 'Loser'? Maybe I should just go grab a nerd and have him whip me up a clone of myself. At least then I'll have a really cool person to smoke pot and eat Strawberry Poptarts with (or eat lunch).

Sometimes I wish I could just take out my magic wand and

kill all of you fuckers. Maybe then I could have some peace and quiet...or feel better about myself without taking Prozac. But until those stupid rights are stripped from your lame ass-I guess I'll just sit idly in my room and suffer from listening to your stupid giggles and irrelevant conversations.



Stock photo. Deal.

Omen Reviews

by Wade Stuckwisch

Certain things in this world have obviously been made by boys. For example, there are comic books. Now, I'm not a big comic fan, I read a few small press titles but that's about it. (This is known in the comic world as being "a damned pretentious asshole".) However, I have had many friends over the years who have been avid readers of comic books, and whenever I ask to see one of their superhero comics I am amazed at the proportions of the drawing of women in these books. It's ridiculous; these super-chicks have thighs as big around as their waists. Any avid comic reader will tell you the men are just as out of proportion, but it's not like they get drawn with huge packages or anything. Plus, they don't tend to run around in lingerie. (And their body types don't change the moment they get undressed.)

Movies are also made by boys. All the women have gorgeous bodies and are mostly there for show. If you don't believe me, just read a few movie reviews. Whenever reviewers talk about an actress in a movie, half the time they are reviewing how good she looks (even many female reviewers do this). I actually read a review of "Chasing Amy" where the reviewer panned the movie because he thought Joey Lauren Adams was ugly. Now how fucking shallow is that? Guys in movies, on the other hand, tend to be not half as good looking

Male feminism makes it hard to get laid

as the women. (Yes, this is a heterosexual writing this, but it's not like we don't know a real cute guy when we see one.) I don't know what women see in Jack Nicholas, but I know girls who are still all wet for him, even as old as he is now. It must be personality or something. All I know is you don't see many women in films who would get by on anything other than tits and ass.

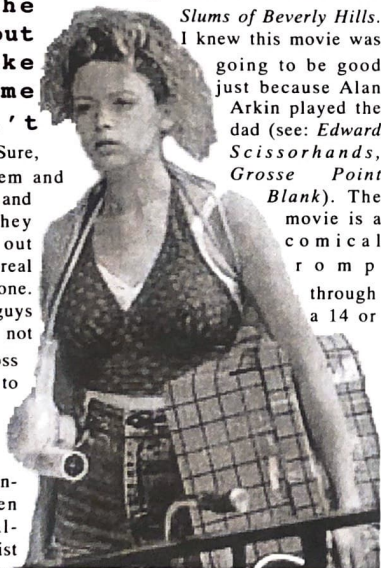
Now I like tits and ass as much as the next guy, but I also like girls. Some guys don't like girls. Sure, they drool over them and buy them nice things and marry them, but they would never hang out with one or have a real heart-to-heart with one. (These are called "guys who get laid.") I'm not trying to come across as all feminist to try to get women or anything, because as everyone knows, women don't like sensitive guys, women like assholes. (Although if the feminist routine is working on you, feel free to drop by B-307 some time and introduce yourself.) I'm just saying that every once in a while, it's nice to see

things from a more female perspective.

Occasionally Hollywood likes to make "chick flicks" so they can get women's money. These are usually mentally devoid movies starring Keanu Reeves, tedious and equally vapid costume dramas or movies so blatantly anti-male that no one could ever take them seriously. And then on ever rarer occasions, some woman manages to get a movie distributed to a general audience. And now, finally, here is the movie review:

Slums of Beverly Hills.

I knew this movie was going to be good just because Alan Arkin played the dad (see: *Edward Scissorhands*, *Grosse Pointe Blank*). The movie is a comical romp through a 14 or



15-year old's coming-of-age story. (What is it with coming-of-age stories anyway? They're going to have to start a cherry-popping section at Blockbuster



Tamara Jenkins, Director of *Slums of Beverly Hills*.

soon.) The main character, Vivian, has to deal with constantly moving, living with her father and two brothers, and suddenly having a very nice set of knockers. A female cousin who has just left rehab moves in, and Vivian fools around with her pot-selling neighbor in the Charles Manson T-shirt. ("It's a building thing," is her explanation. I love indie movies, no fake-ass moralism.) What male director could come up with such hilarious and touching scenes involving Vivian's first encounters with her cousin's vibrator? The other thing I've noticed about movies made by women is that they actually kind of explain why girls date such big jerks. (My theory, based on this movie and *Whatever*, is boredom. Boredom and curiosity.) Anyway, the movie is mostly pure farce, and it's hilarious, but it's also touching in its honesty. I liked it.

Am I saying all this just to try to me "sensitive"? Judge for yourself. My verdict is go see *Slums*. You'll laugh.
NEXT WEEK: Michelle says *Pi* is coming to Northampton, maybe I'll review that...

Quit your whinin' No one wants 90's guys

by Kelly Love

First of all, I'm a bit dubious about your report of flocks of Hampshire women defecting to frat houses. I do quite frequently hear of men going to Mount Holyoke to get laid, but I'll leave that alone for now.

I also refuse to believe in this lack of sex on campus. Could it be that it's just the guys who spend all their time smoking in front of their dorms who aren't getting any? It occurs to me that sitting around waiting for women to proposition you isn't the best way to satisfy your urges. And if there is, in fact, no sex on campus, why are all the condoms disappearing from the bathrooms?

When your nameless friend complained that there were no men to have sex with at Hampshire, she meant what she said. No Hampshire man (okay, maybe a few) is going to admit that all he wants is sex. In comparison with the white-capped frat boys at our picturesque and well-endowed neighboring campuses, **Hampshire men are lazy whiners.** The frat boys, in their unfaltering ability to make their intentions known, are assholes, but they get what they want. Hampshire men aren't willing to be classified as sex-crazed cavemen, but they want to reap the benefits of such a lifestyle.

We might not be as advanced and liberal as you would like us to be, but the Hampshire propositioning policy is anything but traditional. Hampshire students are simply unwilling to walk up to

someone they don't know and burp the greeting, "Wanna fuck?"

Don't get me wrong, I'm not suggesting that this course of action should be undertaken by our student body (as amusing as it might be to observe, I think I might be asked to leave for starting such a trend). But I do know one thing for sure. Hampshire men need to be more decisive. **Do you wish to remain safe in your sensitive, respectful role of the polite, p.c. citizen, or get down and dirty and address your animalistic needs?**

You can't have it both ways. Unless, of course, you opt to get involved in a committed relationship to ensure sexual satisfaction on a regular basis, as so many of us do. Yeah, we all say we just want someone to cuddle with, but we all know what's really going on.

So I counter your challenge, Gareth. Instead of burdening women with all the responsibility (not that they shouldn't take some), why don't you muster up the balls to ask someone out? You don't have to burp and be offensive to successfully get someone to sleep with you, but you might have to actually talk to them rather than waiting for them to come to you. I'll bet if you stop whining for a moment, you (and the gal next to you) might find out that you're really pretty charming.

The pest: An incessant story

by Francisca Monsalve

late at night, when all the other inmates have gone to bed exhausted by the demands and obligations of the day, she whose name I cannot recall except for the first letter camps quite uninvited in my room pretending to read a work by some famous playwright whose name I have to my great regret for the moment forgotten but which she cannot possibly understand knowing her and her devious ways. There she sits perched on my bed holding in one hand the book in question, in the other her head set at the oddest of angles which she straightens now and then with a bewildered look that eats away her features. Obviously she is having a hell of a hard time making out the meaning of all those **ugly little words some halfmad author spewed out in an act of deliberate spite during an excessively long night of heavy drinking** that pitch and plunge like so much flotsam in rough waters before her dumbfounded eyes, though she won't confess to this.

She possesses this ridiculous sense of pride; I believe this common to people lacking in confidence — everyone knows the type, that unseemly pack of young women who diet strenuously for no apparent reason whatsoever other than to say they are dieting to the great satisfaction of their female peers and to the even greater relief of their mothers brimming with female pride. Being absorbed as I was by the task at hand, that is to say, the typing

away of my thoughts minding my own business and keeping time to the music with my left foot, I did not immediately notice the gross transgression of decency that constituted her lying on my very own bed; and it was from this preposterous position that she asked me with her highpitched emasculated voice just what exactly was meant by the term emasculation?

True, I had noted in the past her penchant for acts of great flagrancy and insolence — after all, didn't her family consider her to all effects a major disgrace? — but this outrage targeted at my very person wounded that which at the time I cherished deepest within my bosom: my belief in polish and grace; and though times and I with it have changed a great deal, nevertheless it has left me smarting to this very day. By the look of the thorough darkness of the sky as seen through my bedroom window it must be around midnight and still she lies there on my bed pretending to read the unreadable. And not satisfied with the imposture of reading drama, she announces to my great amusement and only after a mere fifteen minutes of hopelessly gazing at the text that she has finished it and wishes to read another book as she does not feel sleepy as yet.

With fat greedy hands that are used to no nobler act than grabbing whatsoever her mouth craves, she fingers my vast ratty paperback collection of everyman's essential classics in search of the brightest cover which she hopes will contain an abundance of lush musings and toads turned princes. To my growing dismay she repositions herself on my bed after having spent a

minute or two on the floor her gaze transfixed to their colorful spines and chosen the work of a very famous author whose name has long been forgotten but who at one time was regarded most highly by the encyclopaedia britannica for having written a novel of a certain depth and scope whose title I have likewise forgotten except for the word room.

Now is as good a time to describe her as any other I believe and so I shall begin by noting that her hair is long and dark though formerly a muddy blond, her eyes dark though formally a dirty blue; it is as though she has lost a great part of her former charm: come to think of it, it seems to me she has changed a great deal since I last saw her who knows when, for one she seems to have lost that rather unpleasant nasal intonation so characteristic of her like, but perhaps I am confusing her with an altogether different person; I have seen so damn many in my life though I've only met a handful — but this is only the opinion of one who is blind in one eye and deaf of the other ear. I am not in a position to judge but to be judged; I am aware of this as are aware most cripples and individuals of all ages considered not quite in the norm or downright abnormal. The sky is a dark dark black as skies are prone to be at night when one is up and the rest of the world lying down.

She has gone now, at last, and I am left all alone in my bedroom gazing through a large window that in passing I will remark constitutes the fourth wall of my cage, the other three being covered by an assortment of colored bits of paper of various sizes and

continued on page 19

Hard to get a hard on

by Brady Burroughs and Laura Brooks

When's the last time you went to the store and thought to yourself, "Jeez, I wish there was an extremely uncomfortable item of clothing that I could wear. I just can't go on wearing the same easy-fitting, worn in pair of pants." We didn't think so. For those of you, however, who like the idea of sandpapering around your most intimate of orifices, we have Levis to thank for introducing "Hard Jeans."

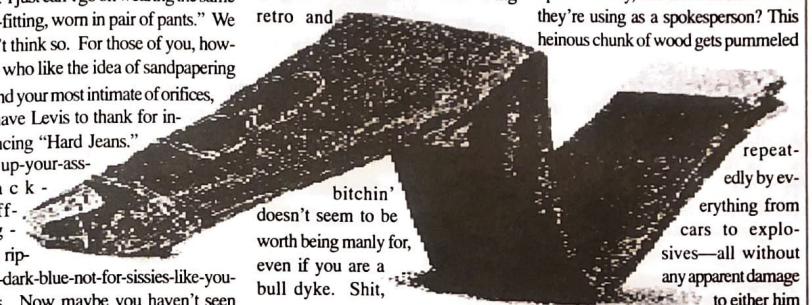
The up-your-ass-crack-chaff-ing-ball-ripping-dark-blue-not-for-sissies-like-you-jeans. Now maybe you haven't seen the ads, but pants that don't bend don't seem like our idea of a frolic through the park. The only apparent benefit that we could see is that it would allow women to cut down on shaving their legs (not really a concern at this school...) seeing as how the denim would probably rub the hair right off — bikini line included! Hot-damn! If only they had hard denim T-shirts for those hard to

reach feminist armpits.

We all know **there is nothing more manly than suffering immense pain.** But the possible sites for erosion at the cost of looking retro and

into intense ass pain we suggest getting a dominatrix. Depending on how sleazy you are, it could be cheaper. Hell, forget that. Come and find us and we'll flog you for free.

By the way, what the fuck is up with Billy, the indestructible doll they're using as a spokesperson? This heinous chunk of wood gets pummeled



even the guys from Dukes of Hazard didn't have pants this hard (if Levis' boast rings true). Not even around Daisy. Plus, have you ever seen a pair of these neo-lithic dungarees at a store? NO! Know anyone who owns a pair? NO! Where do you get these things? The quarry? We're willing to bet you that once you do find them they're going to be goddamn expensive to boot. If you're

Remember, clothes are supposed to make the man, not break him where it counts. This has been a public service announcement from the Partners for a Genital Irritation Free America. Consider yourself warned.

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origins. It is quite a pleasant room once you grow accustomed — and in a sense insensitive — to the excesses of trash carefully tacked to the walls that at first distract the attention of even the most deadened visitor. If I may be allowed to say so, and not thought too chesty for doing so, I believe myself endowed with a certain artistic knack, a sensitivity to what I believe is called in educated circles aes-

Pestilence

thetic or the like. I will not hide from you the fact that I own objects of a certain value, sentimental mostly I agree, but nevertheless worthy of your consideration and a handsome little pile of coins if ever your enthusiasm compelled me to sell. But that is only hypothetical.

THE AMAZING 25th EPISODE OF SURLY BOY AND MCCOY THE DUCK

by Jacob Chabot



Easy Listening from a sick, sick man

by Adam Lippe

The first time I heard "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins, I was in the passenger side of Ethan's Range Rover, and I had just done my first kill. Ryan, who was in the back seat, and had heard the song several times before, **played the drum solo with his hands on Sarah's blood soaked, disembodied head.** At least I think her name was Sarah. That's what she liked to be called, even though her learner's permit said different.

We picked her up outside Burger King at about 10:30 pm. She was waiting there, for something, for us. She said she didn't have a boyfriend, but she also said she was 18. Ryan had to take a leak. She was standing in the doorway, and he rubbed up against her. You could tell she liked it, she wiggled her ass as he did it. When he came out, he put his arm around her. They got halfway back to the car before Ryan whispered something in her ear. She smacked him. Just as quickly, she apologized and put her hand on his cheek. She said she wasn't used to talk that straight forward. She said her mama had taught her not to take freshness from people. Ryan said, "Your mama ain't around here now."

She got in the back seat of the car. As Ethan pulled away, Ryan stuck his hand up her shirt. With his other hand, he placed hers on his sprouting penis. She hastily moved her hand back up to his face, where they began to make out. After about a mile on the highway, Ryan grew tired of this grade school foolishness. He pinned her against the seat and proceeded to take off her tight, acid-wash jeans. She began to scream, but he covered her mouth. Ethan turned the music up, and I could now only faintly hear the conversation. "Just don't hurt me.

Look, I'll do what you want, just don't hurt me." Zip.

From the way it looked in the mirror, she seemed to have changed her tune. She was taking more of him that I had ever seen a woman take. He was yelling and screaming at her, "Faster, faster, more, I said take more!" I don't think she could have helped what she did. "You fucking whore! I'm fucking bleeding, you fucking cunt!"

"Ethan, pull the fucking car over, fucking now!"

Ethan pulled off on the nearest exit. Her tears were mixing with the blood dripping from her mouth.

"Ryan, don't let her get fucking blood on my seat!"

Ryan hit her. He hit her really hard. She flew head first into the window. She was out cold from then on. We were in the woods behind a gas station. Ryan and Ethan dragged the body out of the back seat.

"Tommy, go get the shovel out of the back." I stood there staring at this once attractive girl, now covered in blood and bruises.

"Tommy, I said go get the fucking shovel out of the back!" I was scared and so I just followed orders. The shovel was underneath the spare tire and I cut myself trying to get it out. My blood was now on the shovel. Now, I was part of it.

I handed the shovel to Ethan. Ryan grabbed it out of his hands and slammed her on the head with it.

"We gotta make sure this cunt doesn't live to tell any tales." Ryan took another whack at it, this time using the side of the shovel. Her head nearly fell off from the second blow. Ryan's third attempt knocked the head five feet away from the rest of the body.

"Souvenir!" Ryan exclaimed. The three of us carried the body about sixty feet into the woods. I was voted the one who had to do the diggin. I tried

not to think about it; it would make it go more quickly, I thought. They put the body in and I piled the dirt on. Ryan carried the head in his right hand as though it were a lantern. Ethan and I used the bathroom of the gas station to wash the blood off our hands. Ryan stayed in the car with his trophy.

We pulled back on to the road. Ethan turned the radio on.

"Okay, we got a Phil Collins block comin' up for you. Here we go with "Something Happened on the Way to Heaven."

"Oh, fuck. How do we get out of here? Tommy, where'd we get off the highway?"

"I, uh, I don't remember." "Ryan, do you know?" "Yeah, it was fuckin' like a mile down on the left."

We drove for another mile but we didn't see the highway.

"Fuck yeah, I love this fucking song. I can feel it... something... in the air tonight. Oh Lord. Oh Lord."

I turned the radio up this time. "Ethan, uh, have, uh, you guys ever done this before?"

"Tommy, don't worry about it."

I couldn't see straight any more. Out of the corner of my eye I could see other cars zooming past us on the left side. For a second I lost consciousness. When I looked in the mirror, Ryan was having a great time. **That's when the drum solo came on. It's a good drum solo.**

"Fuckin' Ryan, it's not on the fucking left! Tommy, get me a map out of the glove compartment. The Connecticut one."

There were lots of maps in there, all of them missing the front page which could tell me where it was for.

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Tangelo Pie

by Bren Tamilio

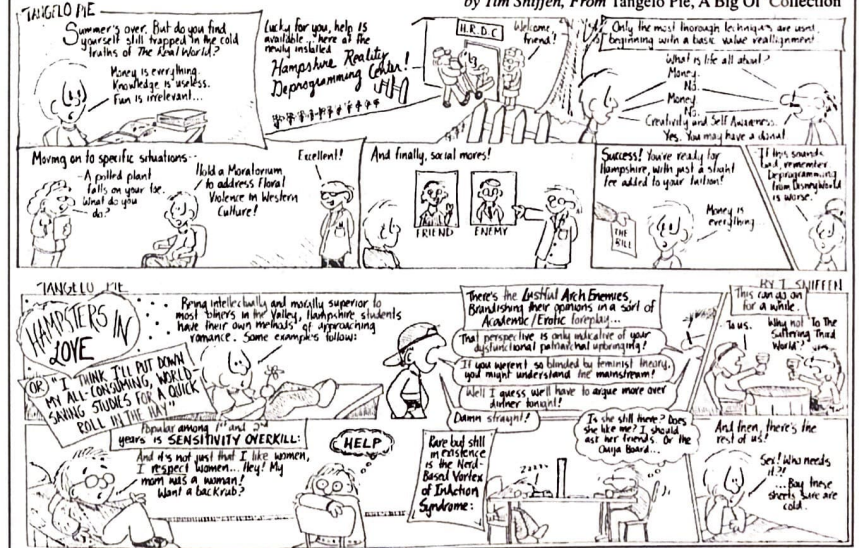
A couple of years ago, the Hampshire Historical Society began working on "A His-tory of Student Activity, Achievement and Activity, 1970-2000," a document chronicling, essentially, a social history of the student experience at Hampshire to celebrate the 30th Anniversary. In two years of long hours in the college archives, we've (actually, it's been only the bren tamilio show since day one, but **I will herforth refer to myself in third person to suggest some sort of collective)** compiled quite a lot of data, some of which can be found online at hamphshire.edu/~hamphist



We plan on running a regular column with the Omen containing little tidbits about college history, hopefully coordinated with the current news n' happenings at Hampshire. This week, in lieu of any "major issues" on campus, we'd (okay: I'd) like to share a few of the old Tangelo Pie comic strips, which appeared in the Permanent Press (the newspaper before the Forward, Phoenix, Gazette, and New Litany) which disbanded in 1991.

Tangelo Pie, written by Tim Sniffen (F88), was characterized by its distinct but tasteful, tactful, and effective humorous commentary on Hampshire - both social and political. Sniffen's comic strips, which also appeared in The Daily Collegian, are considered some of the finest campus commentary any Hampshire media has produced.

by Tim Sniffen, From Tangelo Pie, A Big Ol' Collection



continued from page 20

Eventually, I just took them all out.

"Tommy, give me; it's that one. That one. Give me the fucking thing!"

It was there in the right corner of the glove compartment. You'd only be able to see it if you took all the rest of

the stuff out.

"Fuck, this isn't the right one.

Hand me that one, Tommy."

I gave him the map. Then I reached for it. I turned around and shot Ryan in the side of the face. He died instantly.

"Tommy, what the fuck are you doing?"

I shot Ethan through his right ear. Now I had my second and third kill. I held on to the steering wheel and put my foot on the gas. I could see the truck heading straight for us.



Programs, We have programs??

by Gareth "The Evil Twin" Edel

I would like to take this moment to request that you send me letters, I will offer advice or answer health and biological science questions. No question too trivial or short.

Have you ever noticed that there are lots of things going on around the valley that no one knows about? I am always surprised to hear about a great concert the day after it has happened. I am surprised, despite the fact that it happens to me all the time. One example of this is that Hampshire is part of the Five Colleges. Just kidding. I did know we were part of the Five Colleges. What I didn't know until recently was the following:

- You can take as many off campus classes as you want, that two off limit is bunk, all you need is a note from your advisor. **(Are we in third grade? Do we need a note?)**

- There are, according to an unnamed source, chemicals in the dish soap Saga uses. This is his explanation for the sickness many of us feel after eating there.

- I have recently been told that there is a time once a week at Amherst called Taps during which they give out free beer to all takers. Three years mostly spent in the valley and

only now did I find out about free beer.

- The ink in ballpoint pens really is toxic as someone told me in high school, I guess I should have listened. The rest of you out there, who love to draw on your hands, get a non-toxic marker.

- I recently learned that the wonder of Wonder Bread is that it can be used as an eraser.

- When you want to impress Graduate school try to do the least work that sounds the best. A good example of this is participating in one of the Five College Certification Programs. Did you know there are certificate programs in which you can use classes from your concentration to complete? These programs look real nice on your transcript.

There are 17 programs and three centers, five of the programs offer certificates: African Studies, Latin American studies, Middle Eastern Studies, International Relations, and The Culture Health and Science (CHS) Program.

The CHS program, my friends, is the main topic for my article this week. Sorry no funny stories, and very sorry that this is going to only cover one of the certificate programs, but it is the only one I really know about. You see, I found out about this program half way through my experience here and to tell you the truth I

am pretty psyched. I am trying to file and complete my Division II at the moment, and I kept wondering how I was ever going to get into grad school. Well the certificate won't necessarily get me into grad school, but it will certainly help. So here is a summary of the program and how it works.

Like the all of the other certificate programs there are requirements. For the CHS program seven classes are required. The other programs required between six and ten classes. But the three area studies all require language proficiencies. Because of this, I am taking Culture and Science as part of my Division II which means **for little extra work I can have a neat certificate to hang on the wall.**

The basic idea of all the programs is to fill in where the majors or other options at the schools are weak. The CHS program is fed by all the schools and is in my opinion the best thing for premeds to do with their many science classes - it will look great to Medical schools. If you are interested in the programs check out the five-college consortium web site, And for information on the CHS program speak with Deb Martin in the School of Natural Sciences.



Bite me: Sending letters home to old friends

By Michael "Benni" Pierce and Jason Wilder

At college, alienating your old friends from home is somewhat important. In writing to a few of my own, I have realized that what I have to say about Hampshire College is not only strange, but farcical as well. Statements like these are perfect for frightening and alienating "normal" people who go to state schools and work at jobs. Of course, it is important to keep them plausible for maximum impact. Here are a few of my comments (feel free to steal them):

- "As you can probably already tell, Hampshire College's mascot is the Hampshire Sheep. That is why it seems only appropriate that the sheep welcome you here. However, **because sheep can't speak, all you will be able to hear is their evil laughter** - 'Mwa Ba Ba Ba' - as they climb in the windows at night and nibble on your shoes."

- "Nothing is normal here. In fact, the only analogy that seems to fit this place is, "Hampshire College is to Disney World as nakedness is to nudity." That is, they are the same thing, but have a different purpose. Here, on campus, we have "Prescott Land," "Forest World," "Campuscosm," and "Army Surplus Territory." The only thing we don't have is a monorail, but if you have a car, it's the next best thing."

- "And without any RA's in our dorms, our halls are just like little co-ed fratritys (sororities and fraternities)."

- "If you get bored in the evening, you can have fun in hundreds of ways. There's always midnight breakfast pancakes, served in the smoke-filled labyrinth running beneath the dorms. If you prefer outdoor activities, you can go skinny-dipping in the reservoir, or you can climb to the top of the notch, from which you can see all 5 colleges in the valley, including the retarded state school of UMASS. Or, just cling to the walls of buildings, and leap from lounge balconies."

- "If you're not the sportive type, visit the National Yiddish Book Center, stationed directly on campus, where you don't need to be Jewish to have a great time, but it sure helps. Or, do as I do: open a can of tuna fish, put in a Wham! 8-track, and watch the people dance in for an all-night jam. If that don't suit you, visit the campus parties, where, if you've got quarters for the laundromat, you can get sex with anyone you want. That's right, there's abandoned panties in every bathroom, in every hallway, and outside every window. Panties, panties, panties, and that's only half the fun."

- "At the Hampshire Mall, you can catch any one of the eight mainstream movies playing; or, if you are feeling up to it, travel to Northampton and see an off-the-wall-not-usually-

seen-in-normal-theatres sort of movie. You can visit the Academy of Music Theatre, or the Pleasant St. Theatre, where **you will watch movies in the safety of a bomb shelter, 10 yards underground.** Put your feet up, place your popcorn on a rock; it's all there for your enjoyment."

- "And last but not least on my list: the food. Our eating arrangements are comfortably furnished to us by Marriot Foods. When we feel a hunger growing inside, we merely dance over to Saga, the all purpose food joint, and smoke away a couple hours eating foods like Mexican Salad, Seafood Special, and Vegetarian Hotdogs."

- "So as our tour recycles itself again, feel free to jump off now and start running in circles as you scream for mercy. Or better yet, run off in the direction of the gunshots that you hear. There is a shooting range nearby that wakes everyone up almost every morning, filled with people who would love to shoot you for game."

- "College life is grand. I hope you've enjoyed this, just another chunk of American culture. It seems to me that you may have some questions, or answers, depending on who you are - so please ... write to me. I am lonely, and need to feel the compassion of others, who are not as lucky as I am, to be going to such a wonderful institution as this."



RICK and SAURUS FEMME FATALES

CHAPTER TWO: WOMEN TROUBLE

JC 98



HEY GUYS!

NOT NOW PHIL! WE'RE CONDUCTING IMPORTANT BUSINESS HERE!

LIKE DECLARING ME BEATDOWN CHAMP.



C'MON! TAKE YOUR LUMPS LIKE A MAN!

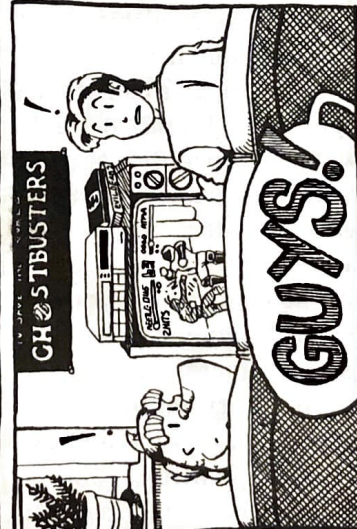
BEETLE WINS!



WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS. GUYS.

HEY, DON'T UNPRUSE IT. I'M NOT READY.

OH, MY BIG CLUMSY FINGERS



GHOSTBUSTERS!

GUYS!



WHOA! LET'S LOSE THE PIECE AND I'M SURE WE CAN WORK THIS OUT.



ALRIGHT, WHO ARE YOU GUYS AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN OUR PLACE!?

HI, GUYS GLAD TO HAVE YOUR ATTENTION!



NOT UNTIL I GET SOME ANSWERS! WHAT ARE YOU ANYWAY? DORPELGANGERS OF DR. NUTRON'S?

Uhh...



DR. NUTRON?

HE'S LOCKED UP TIGHT IN THE ASYLUM.



WHAT? HE... Uh... oh god, will someone just please tell me what's going on?

eeep!



WELL, IF YOU'D JUST...UH GUN.

NOT SO FAST, I STILL WANT SOME ANSWERS, PRONTO!

NEXT: SOME ANSWERS